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COOPER

THE WIND OF THE WEST SEA

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LOS ANGELES

The Wind of the West Sea

and

Other Songs

by

May Gibbons Cooper

Illustrated by the Author

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May Gibbons Cooper
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The Wind of the West Sea

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Upon my wings I bear the cry
  Of lone seagull; and brushing
Against the sunset as I fly
  I catch its rosy flushing.

I waft the scent of forest buds
  In sheltered canyons blowing;
I steal the music of the floods
  Through mountain gorges going.

And every lovely sound and sight
  Upon my journey meeting,
As swift I wing through day and night,
  I bring thee with my greeting.

Sunrise

Sunrise

A hundred arrows from the sun's bright quiver
Dart through the mist that shrouds the eastern hills;
The reedy grasses in their cool haunt shiver,
And sweet their whispering all the meadow fills.
The dreaming world,
Slowly awakened by the light wind's sighs,
Looks drowsily on glories now unfurled
In orient skies.

The lark and thrush are startled from their hiding,
And soon the air is throbbing with their song;
While from the wood, where all night long were biding
A thousand others of the feathered throng,
A wondrous burst
Of heaven-born music sets the vale a-thrill,
As if each pretty songster in its trill
Vied to be first.

Fancy

Fancy

I have a boat that bears me where I will,
Or east or west its graceful prow I turn;
Perchance to north, where all is cold and still,
Or to the south, where tropic sunsets burn.

Its silken sails obey the gentlest wind,
And lightly waft me o'er unruffled seas,
Past islands richer than the fabled Ind,
Where spicy fragrance drops from every breeze.

Sometimes I sail beneath the yellow moon,
And watch the silver path my vessel makes,
As swift and silent through the night's still noon,
Upon a trackless sea her course she takes.

But when at length I step from out my barge,
And see it drift away into the west,
It leaves me standing lonely on the marge,
Disconsolate, and touched with vague unrest.

The world looks grey—my disenchanted eye
Sees only sober truth—and care and pain
Stalk grimly by my side, until I cry,
"O waves, bring back my charmèd boat again!"

The City of the Angels

The City of the Angels

Oh, tell me, prithee tell me, city fair,
Why bend the skies above thee ever blue;
What subtle balm pervades the perfumed air,
That makes the earth seem every morning new?

Ah, traveler, know that heaven lies very near,
So that the blue of angel eyes shines through;
On the soft wind their rushing wings we hear,
Wafting the balm that makes the tired earth new.

A Morning in Spring

A Morning in Spring

The mead stretched far away in morning's glow,
On each fresh spear of grass, an angel's gleaming tear:
The violet kissed the buttercup, and lo!
The brooklet saw, and rippled o'er its surface clear
A faint, sweet hint of laughter. Here a bird
Was calling, there another; then a thousand throats
Caught up the strain, till all the air was stirred
And throbbed and quivered with the wild, delicious notes.

Through the red gates of dawn the East Wind rushed,
Shaking from fragrant wings sweet odors everywhere;
Pausing to woo each favorite flower that blushed
At his impassioned touch on face upturned and fair.
Was ever morning, since the earth was new,
More perfect? Oh, the rare completeness and the charm
Of Nature's most harmonious moods, that brew
A sweet content, and quiet every vague alarm.

The Red Rose and the White

The Red Rose and the White

Red rose, in your heart's warm glory,
Surely there is writ a story
  That you fain would hide away—
How some soft South-breeze came wooing,
For your lovely roseship suing,
  Through the languorous summer day.

But my nun-like, cold white beauty,
Ah, you know too well your duty!
  Could none ever you beguile?
Yet around you dangers hover,
For perchance some bolder lover
  Still may win you with his smile.

A Gift of Wild Flowers

A Gift of Wild Flowers

From many a haunt amid the forest's dimness,
Where shadows chase each other all day long,
And wild birds, nestled 'neath the grey cliff's grimness,
Break the dread stillness with delicious song;

By river's fringéd brink—among the rushes
That greenly rise beside the meadow grass,
And 'mid the tangle of wild vines and bushes
That thickly grow to guard the rocky pass,

I gathered these pale treasures of the wildwood,
Just as we used to cull them years ago,
Far back among the free, glad days of childhood—
The dearest days our hearts may ever know.

A Gift of Sea Moss

A Gift of Sea Moss

From gardens in the depths of ocean blooming,
Where merrily the sportive mermaids play
Among the rocks against its green walls looming,
And comb their silken locks the livelong day;

From groves of white and pink branched coral growing
Far down in dim-lit aisles of tropic sea,
With rare-hued trailing mosses brightly showing
Along the reaches of the sandy lea;

From caverns whose deep silence is unbroken,
Where not a sound disturbs the dreamless sleep
Of those whose grave no sign can now betoken,
And only stars their deathless watch may keep;

From Southern sands, where warm the Gulf Stream flowing,
Leaves rose-lipped shells and treasures of the deep;
From shores o'er which Pacific's winds are blowing
The tangled seaweed into many a heap,—

These dainty sprays of moss were gathered, ever
To be a joy and glad the heart, I ween;
Mayhap to some they bring back scenes that never
Will fade, but brighten under memory's sheen.

May

May

"Now, who art thou, my dainty maid?"
"I'm April's sister, sir," she said;
Then smiled so heavenly sweet,
And making me a curt'sy fine,
She dropped an armful of sunshine
Right down about my feet.
Her blush was like the apple-blow;
Her eyes like violets that grow
Beside the meadow stream.
Oh! buttercups alone would dare
To match the bright gold of her hair,
And all the air did seem
Rich freighted with her fragrant breath.
Now surely happy Nature saith,
"Thrice welcome, maiden May."

A Song

A Song

Dear one, what matters in this wide, wide
world,
If only our two hearts are tuned together!
Be it the springtime, or grey wintry weather,
For us June roses all the year are blowing,
And in your eyes fair skies are always showing,
Though storm-cloud banners be without,
unfurled.

What though your song be in the minor key,
If only I am with you in the singing!
The sweetest moments of the day come
winging
Upon the dewy twilight hour, may be,
When earth is resting, and cool shadows
falling;—
If then I hear and know your loved note's
calling,
Dear heart, what matters all the rest to me!

Home

Home

When cloudy pennons flutter in the skies,
And muttering tones prelude the coming storm,
On trembling wing the timid birdling hies,
To shelter in its nest secure and warm.

So too, my heart, when swept by tempests wild,
Turns to the love that waits beside the hearth,
And finds its refuge, like a weary child,
In home's sweet haven—dearest spot on earth.

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